

THE BEACON

FOR SCHOOL AND HOME

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All for a Pup

By Faith Stanton



HANK the man, Laddie," said Jackie, and the little dog gave a sharp bark as he sat watchfully by the small box on the sidewalk. And the man was amused as he dropped his pennies in and started away with his paper.

Almost everyone was amused who came by the corner each night to buy his paper from Jackie; amused at the faithful little dog as he sat by the money box; at the wide-awake newsboy as he handled his big trade on the busy corner; at the mutual devotion of dog and boy.

But to Jackie, Laddie was more than just a dog. He was a pal, always watchful, always faithful. It was Laddie who shared his work, Laddie who shared his play. Together they shared their meals, their bed. After the long evenings spent in selling papers they went to the old shack that Jackie called home, where the boy and dog lived alone. Ofttimes after only a dry doughnut for supper they would curl up together on their hard pallet in the corner to sleep. Gray dawn found them trudging together down the street to get their early papers for their route. It was hard for a ten-year-old boy, and a ten-months-old collie pup to make their own living, and they worked many long hours.

But sometimes when there were no extras to sell, and they had a little spare time in the middle of the day, Jackie found his way to the Newsy Home, that place that was more of a home to him than any other place he could remember. Sometimes they had good food there, and games, and music. However, the thing that most interested Jackie was the shop

where they made things. They made all kinds of things that boys enjoy; just now it was model airplanes. Oh how he had wanted to make a model plane! How he had watched the other fellows as they made their planes! Mr. Burke had been so kind to help them, and show them how. But the material for a model plane cost five dollars. And five dollars was more than Jackie had ever had at one time in his whole life. No, he couldn't have one, he just couldn't. He had tried to save up that much, but he'd get so hungry he'd just have to eat, and then start saving all over again. No, he had told himself, he couldn't have one, but just the same he couldn't help thinking about it, and longing for it.

One man was very faithful in buying his papers from Jackie and Laddie every night; he never missed a night to smile and pat the dog as he dropped in his coins. And after he smiled and turned

down the street toward his trolley, there was always a wee pang way down in the bottom of his heart. For he thought then of his own little boy at home who would be sitting in a wheelchair by the window, anxiously awaiting his Daddy, and he knew, too, that one of his first questions would be, "Did you pat Laddie tonight for me?"

Paul had never seen Laddie, had never been able to run and play with a dog like other boys, for Paul was quite lame. But his father never failed to tell him of Laddie, and so vividly did he describe the pup to his boy that Paul was quite sure he would know him if ever he saw him. And he did so want to see him—to have him for his very own! Again tonight he pleaded:

"If I could only have a dog like Laddie to sit out in the yard with me, Daddy. Couldn't you bring him home to me—couldn't you buy him, Daddy?"

Mr. Cromwell went to work the next morning again reminded that he should buy Laddie. As he left the store that evening and approached the paper-corner he wondered if he should offer to buy him. He could still hear the pleading voice of his little son. "Five dollars would look pretty big to that newsy too, I'll bet you," he thought to himself.

He bought his paper and then talked to Jackie, showing him a five-dollar bill. "It's yours for the dog," he said. Jackie hesitated. "Think it over tonight then, Son," and Mr. Cromwell was off down the street.

It was nearly midnight when Jackie and his pal swung along the dark street toward the place they called home. Jackie whistled a little tune, but he would stop now and then to give the dog an affectionate hug and then start on. They entered the dark shack and lit a smoky lantern. Jackie munched a dry supper, sharing alternate bites with his pal, and then the little dog brought the ball and dropped it at the boy's feet. But Jackie did not play. "Not to-



"He never missed a night to smile and pat the dog, as he dropped in his coins."

night, old scout," he said, and he sat silently gazing at the flickering light. Through the dusky room he could see his model plane, the snowy wings, the deep red trim. He unconsciously raised his hand toward the imaginary idol of his dreams, floating through the air. At the move Laddie jumped up to play. Jackie turned and gave him a big hug and the dog licked his hand affectionately. Two big tears dropped on the dog's brown hair. It was cold, and Jackie blew out the lantern and covered himself up beside his pal. It was a long time before he went to sleep.

Dawn found Jackie and Laddie on their paper route, but somehow Jackie did not whistle as usual. Even the little dog seemed to understand that something was wrong, for he kept very close to Jackie, and leaped up to kiss him now and then. All day long Laddie knew that Jackie wasn't quite himself. And on the corner, just before the paper wagon brought their evening supply, the boy gathered the dog up in his arms and hugged him almost fiercely, though tenderly, and with words of affection. The papers arrived. He put the dog down and wiped his eyes as he began calling the news.

As the regular customers began to stop Jackie knew that the stores must be closing and Mr. Cromwell would be coming soon. "Oh Laddie," he sighed, as he patted his wagging dog by the money box, "you won't forget me, will you, not ever, Laddie?" The boy could not remember when he had ever felt as he did now. Sort of sick inside, something thick and heavy rising in his throat making it hard to swallow. But he held up his head and called again to the passing crowd.

Mr. Cromwell stood before him. "Hello here, sonny. Well, is it your dog or mine? Here's the five if you want it." Jackie forced a smile as he fumbled the bill.

"Thank you, sir, and take good care of him, won't you? He don't eat much, and don't never let him get sick ner nuthin' G'bye, Laddie—oh Laddie!" Mr. Cromwell, with the dog in his arms, was off in the crowd. With utmost effort Jackie curbed his impulse to run after him, and turned to his waiting customers. When his armful of papers was gone, Jackie picked up his money box and started down the street. He did not wait for them to bring the next supply. He didn't want to sell the last edition. He wanted to get away,—away from that corner, to be alone. The nearer home, the thicker was that something in his throat, and the harder it was for him to swallow. As he pushed open the door he broke into heavy sobs. It was pitch dark inside, but he did not want a light. He felt his way to his pallet and flopped down and sobbed. He felt of the five-

dollar bill, just paper, not warm and soft and cuddly. Carelessly he shoved it under the edge of his pallet, his body shaking with sobs. And he was still sobbing when far into the night he reached down for some covers to warm his chilled body.

In another home another little boy awoke, far into the night, awoke to pat his new pal. Little lame Paul was so happy over his Laddie that it made his mother and father very happy, too. Mr. Cromwell couldn't forget them at home that day, but at night when he got his paper, it was a sad little face he saw, and he didn't forget that, either.

At the Newsy Home, Jackie was a very busy boy. He had bought the material for his model plane, and spent every spare minute working on it. But in every piece of wood, in every wire and nail, was the thought of Laddie—his Laddie that he had given up. Even the bright red paint in which he was trimming his plane was not cheery to Jackie. Each day the plane was nearer done, but each day it meant less to Jackie, for each day he missed his Laddie more, missed his companionship at night, his affectionate way of arousing him in the morning, his helpful presence on that busy corner with the papers. The plane could never mean that much to Jackie, never. Jackie thought over and over to himself, "It doesn't go with me all day, and keep me warm at night, and love me!"

It was dark as Jackie lay on his pallet, and he was lonely. Outside, the rain drizzled steadily, and Jackie felt the dampness clear to his bones. Oh if Laddie were only there! A big lump rose in his throat, thick and heavy. And then he could hold back no longer—he turned over on his side, buried his face in his pillow and had a good cry. And during that cry he resolved something to himself—that tomorrow he would sell his plane and do all in his power to buy Laddie back. And once he had him again, he would never, never part with him, not for all the money in the world.

At the Newsy Home no one wanted to buy his plane. Every fellow wanted to make his own, that was half the fun. Two days of disappointment, and then Jackie thought of an idea—he'd take the plane to the corner with him the next night and advertise it.

"For Sail—\$5." was crookedly printed on a cardboard and hung on the model. People hurriedly bought their papers, only a few noticing the plane. Jackie pushed it out in front of his paper box. A lady who didn't seem quite so hurried, stopped.

"You make planes to sell?" she asked. "Well, no, not exactly—well, yes, I did this one,—you see I gotta have five dollars, see, right away, and, well, you see I gotta buy my dog back, see, and—"

"Yes, son, I see,—well, yes I'll take a

paper. I hope you sell your plane!" Jackie watched the lady disappear in the crowd. He did not notice that Mr. Cromwell had been standing behind the lady, and had heard their conversation. Jackie was always sorry to see Mr. Cromwell now, it made him feel sad and sort of ashamed.

"How are you tonight, son? Want to sell your plane do you? Suppose that Paul would like that plane? Five dollars—quite a price, but I'll take it. And say son—"

"But Mr. Cromwell, you—" he hesitated.

Mr. Cromwell continued, "Wouldn't you like to come out home with me some time, and see Laddie, and my little boy?"

"See Laddie?" The boy's face beamed. "Gosh, I'd like to see him. S'pose he remembers me? Sure, when can we go?"

"Tomorrow afternoon,—be here at one o'clock, and don't forget."

There was no danger of Jackie's forgetting.

It was the longest ride Jackie had ever taken on the trolley before, and seemed particularly long in his anxiety to reach his precious pal. But it afforded Mr. Cromwell a good opportunity to get acquainted with the boy, and he was pleased to find in him such an appealing and interesting personality. There was something very admirable and gentlemanlike about this homeless newsboy.

They entered a green and shady yard.

"Where—There!" and with a leap Jackie was down on his knees frantically hugging and patting the dog. It was some time before he straightened up.

"Jackie," Mr. Cromwell spoke, "this is Mother, and this is Paul." The boyish face smiled in recognition, and all eyes were again fixed on the leaping, wriggling dog.

Jackie enjoyed Laddie and Paul, the plane and the big yard to fly it in, too much to decline an invitation to stay to supper. And the simple meal to Jackie seemed a banquet. And when he left it was with a promise of coming back, and soon.

A close friendship grew between Jackie and Paul, and their mutual devotion to Laddie. It was not long until all of Jackie's spare hours were spent with them.

Almost a year had passed. Mr. and Mrs. Cromwell sat by the fireplace while Jackie, Paul and Laddie romped on the floor.

"Time to go to bed," said Mr. Cromwell. "Tomorrow's your first day at the store you know, Jackie. Let's make it a good one!"

The cultivation of the spirit of kindness to animals is but the starting point toward that larger humanity which includes one's fellows of every race and clime.

Dr. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY.

DAVID and Nancy have been visiting in the city of Belfast. They leave there in a little steamer, sail across the North Channel, through the Firth of Clyde, and, before they know it, they are in the Land of the Heather.

Captain Dan knows just the right places to take the children, for he has visited Scotland many times. He wishes them to carry pleasant memories away with them. They stop for a short time at Glasgow. It is the second largest city in the kingdom and here is located the great ship-building industry, which is one reason for the growth and importance of the city on the Clyde. The children cannot fail to notice the thrift and diligence of their Scottish cousins; nothing is wasted or allowed to stand idle.

After a few days in Glasgow they cross over to Edinburgh, the ancient capital city. High above the town, on Castle Rock, stands the famous Castle. As far back as the twelfth century it was a royal abode, here gentle Saint Margaret taught her husband, King Malcolm, to read; here many of the illustrious Kings and Queens of Scotland have lived. Many of the outstanding events of history centered about this gray stone pile.

"Looks very much like a grim sentinel keeping watch over the city," Captain Dan observed as they view it from Prince's Street.

As they stroll down Prince's Street, the finest thoroughfare in Europe, David and Nancy keep bobbing about like little puppets. There is so much to see that they do not want to miss a single thing. On one side are the shops, and beautiful ones they are, while on the other is a long stretch of parkways.

There are many beautiful monuments. David is interested in a tall tower-like one that seems to stretch its spires to the very sky. A Scots boy tells them it is the monument erected to the memory of Sir Walter Scott. Because they have both read the stirring story of Ivanhoe, both children feel very much interested in the tower. David insists upon climbing to the very top of the small staircase. What a marvelous view he has of Edinburgh!

Several other children enter the monument while David and Nancy are there. They cannot fail to notice how reverent these Scots children seem toward the memory of the famous countryman. Indeed the statue of the kindly old Scotsman, sitting there with his beloved dog at his feet, is so lifelike that it seems he could speak to them.

While in the city they visit the home of Robert Louis Stevenson. Since he wrote their beloved *Garden of Verse* both

David and Nancy Visit Scotland

By Margot Lucile Ridge

the children must see the very house where he lived. Nancy wishes to find the window where little Louis sat when a pale delicate child. It was from that window that he used to watch out in the misty Scottish twilight for the old lamp-lighter, "Auld Leerie" he called him.

In one of the splendid shops in Prince's Street, they find a copy of his poems beautifully bound in the Royal Stuart Tartan. It is surprising how many uses these folk find for their attractive plaids. As David is admiring the book a group of children come into the shop. Two boys in the picturesue

lighted to make the acquaintance of their Scottish cousins,—that was their very special reason for seeing the world. They find a nook in one corner of the book shop and Ronald begins:

"A great many years ago the families of the Highlands, and some of the Lowlands, belonged to clans. Each clan had its own chieftain, its own estates, and its particular tartan. By the color, or arrangement of the colors, one could tell to which clan a boy belonged by the plaid he wore. There were always several pipers in the clan, and happy the lad who was chosen to be piper to the chief! Often there were bitter family feuds. One clan would war against another neighboring clan. A MacDonald or a McKye was very proud of his name, his traditions and his nationality. Perhaps that

is why we are called a proud race,—it is very much a part of our heritage. Some of the names were derived from the places in which they lived, as Sutherland, Drummond, and so on; others were taken from the occupation or calling of the chief, as MacPherson, which means son of the Parson. But most of the names began with Mac; MacDonald is the son of Donald, MacAdam the son of Adam, and so on. We MacNeills belonged to a rather peaceful branch of the clans; while others were warring, we devoted ourselves to music. Thus the clan produced many harpists, pipers and poet-singers. Hector, here, is quite a piper and does honor to the family in that line."

David and Nancy want to learn more about these ancient families and they find that their friend Sir Walter Scott tells of many of them in his novels.

David buys as many books as his allowance will permit. The Scots boys are very much pleased with their American cousins' interest in their land.

"The nearest way to a Scotsman's heart is through his country," Captain Dan whispers, "and the surest way to make him dislike you is to slight that homeland of his." Both children agree that it is very fine patriotism anyway.

Ronald and Hector MacNeill offer to pilot them about the city showing them the most worthwhile things. Such a great day as they spend with their newfound friends! When it is time to go to their hotel, they have promised to accompany the MacNeills on a short trip through the Highlands. Their father is a well-known lawyer in the city and occasionally he takes a wee journey back to his estate. While on the trip, David and Nancy learn a great deal about Scotland's heroes.

Isn't it queer that a Scots boy can tell



Highland costume, and a little girl dressed in a blue outfit wearing a blue velvet Tam-o'-Shanter cap. On one side of the cap is a knot of plaid ribbon that matches the boys' kilts. Captain Dan tries to explain to David and Nancy that these children belong to the MacNeill clan. The boys are tall, slender and well built. Both of them have dark hair and deep blue eyes, while their little sister, is a blonde beauty. Her hair, which reaches almost to her waist, is golden and shining as if the Scottish sunlight had touched it. She smiles at Nancy in such a pretty way that Nancy falls quite in love with her. As Captain Dan is telling about the tartans, the elder of the two boys turns and speaks to him.

"I should be very glad to tell you what I know of our Scottish clans. I belong to the MacNeill clan. My name is Ronald and my brother, here, is Hector. Our little sister is Flora MacNeill."

Of course David and Nancy are de-

THE BEACON CLUB

The Editor's Post Box

Writing a letter for this corner makes you a member of the Club. Address, The Beacon Club, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

727 OAKWOOD AVE.,
TOLEDO, O.

Dear Editor: I should like very much to belong to the Beacon Club and wear its pin. I go to the Unitarian Sunday school in Toledo. I am in the fourth grade. There are seven girls in my class and we are studying this year from a book called *A Travel Book for Juniors*. We are now making animals and boats from modeling clay, and trees from paper. When we are through it will look like a village in Egypt.

My teacher's name is Miss Clapp and the minister's name is Rev. G. L. Parker.

I enjoy the puzzles and the Beacon Club letters very much. I am enclosing a puzzle which I made up of twisted names of pies.

Sincerely,
JEAN ANN KIPLINGER.

81 CHESTNUT ST.,
PORTLAND, ME.

Dear Editor: I am a member of Preble Chapel Sunday school and am now in my sixth year of perfect attendance. I read *The Beacon* every Sunday

of his heroes and the brave deeds of his countrymen without seeming a bit conceited?" David asks Captain Dan, after Ronald finished telling of the famous Wallace, who delivered Scotland in the thirteenth century.

"It is not odd, David, when you realize that it is a very serious and sincere matter with him—he loves his heroes, hence it is not bragging," Captain Dan answers.

They are a bit serious, these Scottish cousins, but David and Nancy find them fine company, anxious that their guests shall enjoy every moment of their stay in Scotland. During their Highland trip they see the famous golf course of St. Andrews where centuries ago the popular game was played by Scottish kings, they see historic Stirling Castle, the home of sovereigns in days gone by, but best of all, they see the peaceful shepherds watching their flocks on the heathy hills. And now and then the faint echo of a pipe tune crosses the valleys and re-echoes through the mountains.

OUR PURPOSE: Helpfulness.

OUR MOTTO: Let your light shine.

OUR BADGE: The Beacon Club Button.

Puzzlers

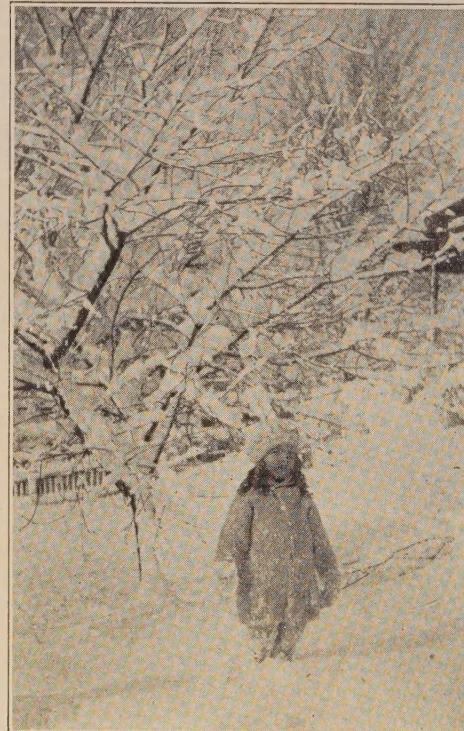
and enjoy the letters that are in it. I would like very much to be a member of the Beacon Club. I am nine years old and in the fourth grade of the Woolson School. I hope you will find room for me in the Club.

Yours truly,
LAWRENCE CHANDLER.

101 HIGHLAND ST.,
HYDE PARK, MASS.

Dear Editor: I would like to belong to the Beacon Club and wear its pin. I go to the Unitarian Sunday school of Hyde Park. The minister's name is Mr. Macdonald and my teacher's name is Miss Drake. I am eleven years old and I am in the sixth grade. I, also, would like someone to correspond with.

Sincerely yours,
ANNETTE BRYANT.



Dame Nature's Joke

By ESTELLE A. BROOKS

This snowstorm came when Spring held

sway,

'Twas much against the rule,
Dame Nature seemed to laugh and say—
"Good morning, APRIL FOOL!"

Hidden Trees

1. Please bring me a pin, Ella dear.
2. We could not sleep, last night, for we heard the croaking of ravens.
3. Bring me the map, Lena, and help me find the Amazon.
4. Elmer is going to boarding school next week.
5. Has Helen her books, and has Arthur his slate?
6. I was stung by a wasp or a bee, Charlie.
7. Don't go near the fire, Irma.
8. Tom, bring me your cap, please.
9. What did you do with the tape, Arthur?

E. F. B.

Twisted Names of Boys

1. Hjno	6. Lndrao
2. Whaodr	7. Hdraich
3. Liurbw	8. Ahlerse
4. Reggoe	9. Nddoal
5. Mnnaor	10. Osmtah

ROBERTA FOLLANSBEE,
Leominster, Mass.

Answers to Puzzles in No. 25

Acrostic.—MAPLE

ALIEN
RAVEL
IMAGE
GRADE
OVENS
LANDS
DUNCE

Twisted Names of Trees.—1. Willow Oak. 2. Judas Tree. 3. Maple. 4. Birch. 5. Alder. 6. Beech. 7. Slippery Elm. 8. Poplar. 9. Hickory. 10. Mountain Ash. 11. Spruce. 12. Walnut.

A Fish Problem.—None.

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